

MERCURIUS MUSICVS:

OR, THE

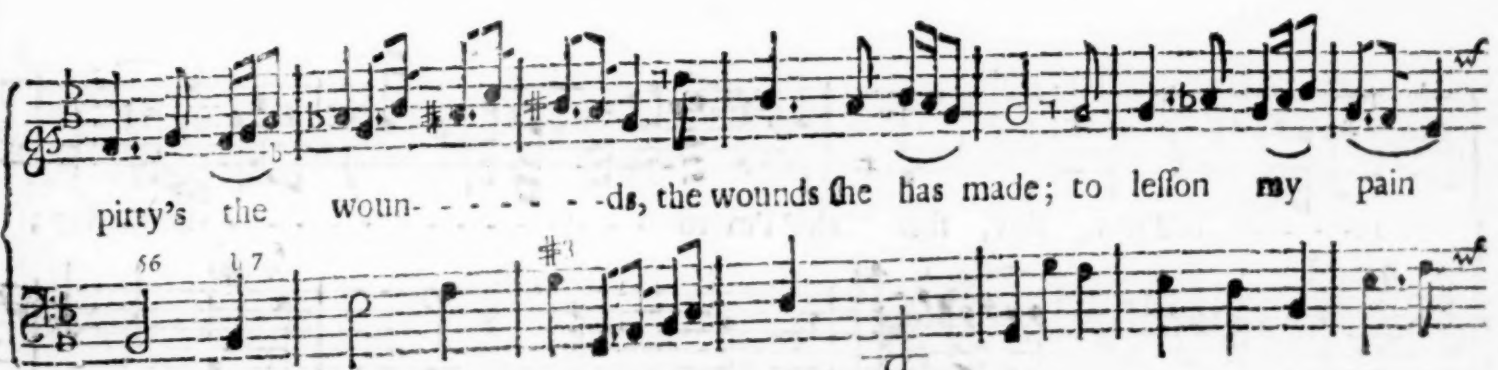
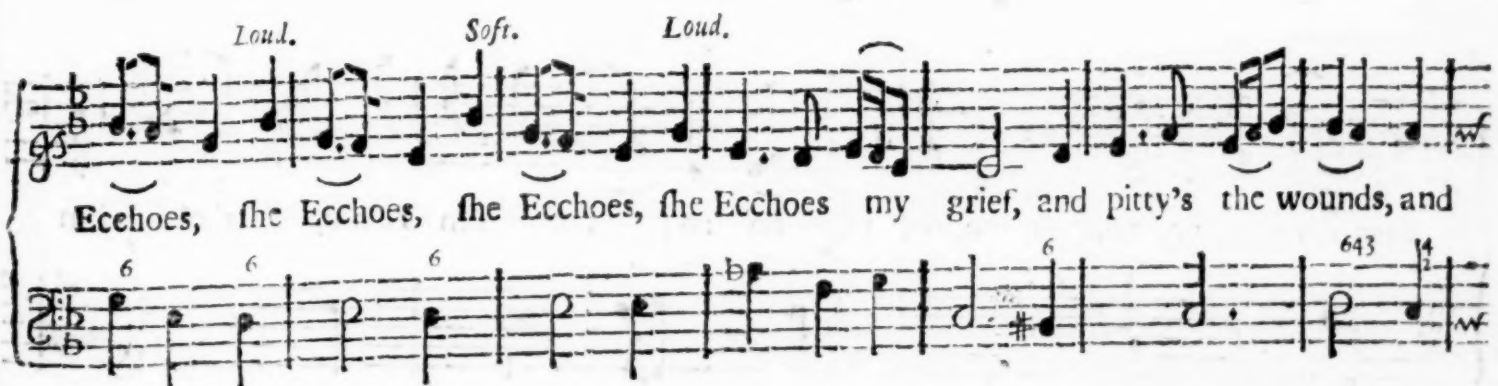
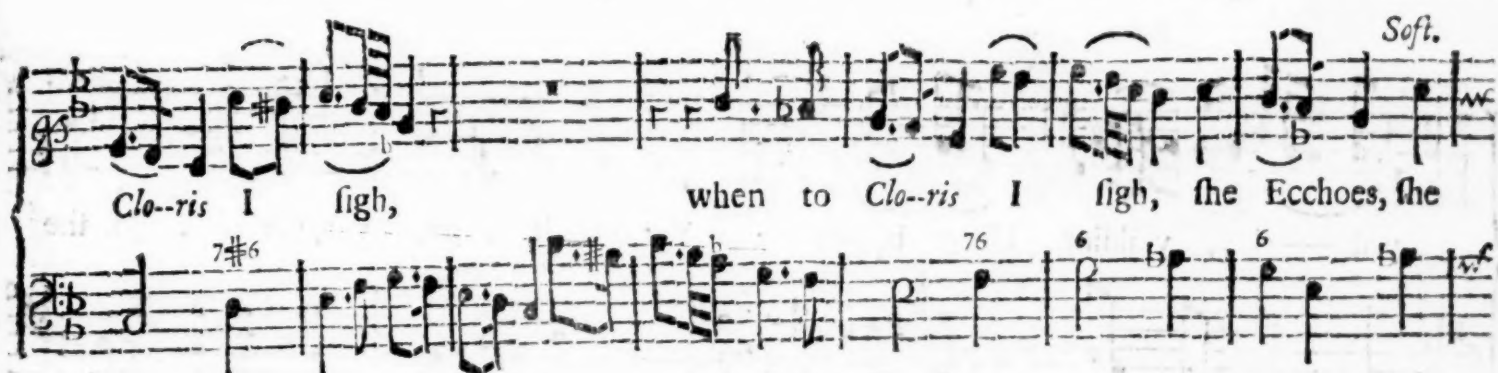
Monthly Collection

OF NEW TEACHING.

SONGS.

For September, October, November, and December.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Barrett.



she wou'd grant me releif: But still of her Honour's, but still of her Honour's afraid:

Fl. - - - - -y, fly, fly, fly, fly she crys,

Fl. - - - - -y, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly she crys, e'er my Fon- - - - d eyes, my

yeild—ing, yeilding Heart be—tray: Yet, yet if I go, yet, yet if I go, she

then crys no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no no; tho' I'm ruin'd, tho' I'm

ru- - - in'd stay, stay, stay tho' I'm ru- - - in'd stay;

Oh! Cloris, Oh! Clo-ris rac-

-ck not thus your Breast, with honour, with ho-

when you Love; If with the last you wou'd be blest, you must the first remove, you must the

fir--st remove, you must the fi-

-rst remove. Think then of

La--sing re--al joys:

(491)

think then of la — — — — — sing re--al joys, and not a foolish

name, and not a foolish, not a foolish, not a foolish name, your honour, your

honour ev'ry breath destroys, Love's bliss is still the same, is still, still, is

still the same; your honour, your honour ev'ry breath destroys, Love's bliss is

still, still, still, still, still, is still, still, still the same, Love's bliss is still, is still, still,

still, still, still, still, still the same.

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Weldon. The Words by a Person of Quality.

P *Anthea* a- -ll the Senc's Treats,

Panthea a- -ll the Senc's Treats; the Eye with

Ob- — — jects dear, the Smell with Natures purest sweets, with Har- — —

— — — — — mo-ny the Ear, Har- — — — —

— — — — — mony the Ear : The Taft with

foo— — d *Ambrosial*, but oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! the Touch is all, is all, the

(493)

Taste with food Ambrosia, but oh! the Touch, but oh! the Touch, but oh! the Touch, but

oh! the Touch is all in all, is all in all; but oh! oh! oh! the Touch is

all in all, is all, all, all, all, all in all.

SGNG Sett by Mr. Daniel. Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Lindsey.

See, fee, fee, fee where she lyes, Love and Ruin, Love and Ruin in her

Eyes; a gentle sigh, a gentle sigh her Bosome heaves, as if she felt the wounds

she gives; a gentle sigh, a gentle sigh her Bosome heaves, as if she felt the wound—

(494)

—s, the wounds she gives as if she felt the wound—

—s the wounds he gives: Shepherd, Shepherd the Lucky moment seize, 'tis lost, lost

lost, 'tis lost if you de-fer it, in love there is no rule to please, no, no, no,

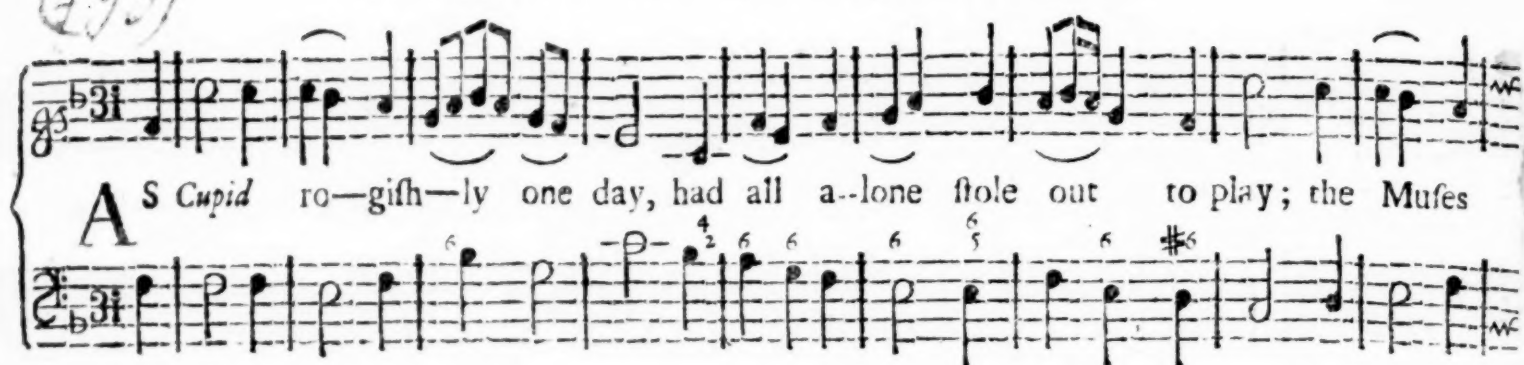
no, no, no, no, no, but Op-por-tunity is merit; in love there is no rule to please, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, but Op-por-tu-ni-ty is merit: there is no rule to to please

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, but Op-pertu-nity is meritt.

A S O N G Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

(495)



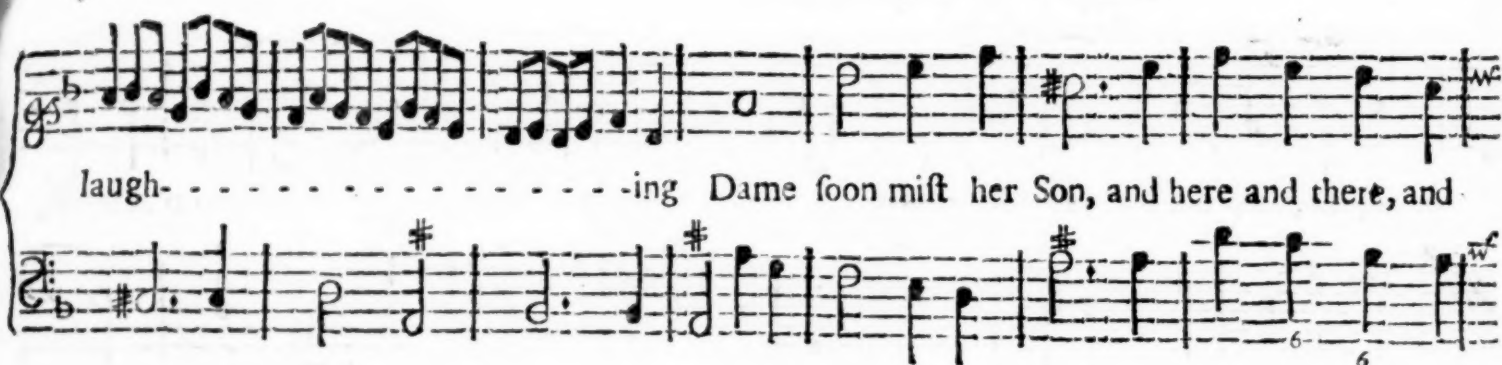
A S Cupid ro-gish-ly one day, had all a-lone stole out to play; the Muses



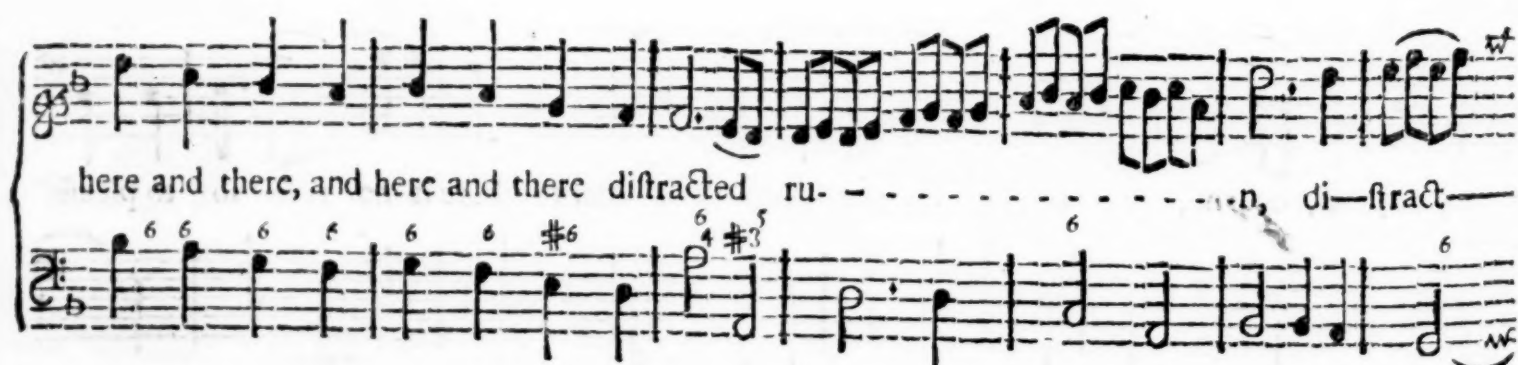
caught the little, little, little knave, and cap-tive Love to Beauty gave; the Mu-ses



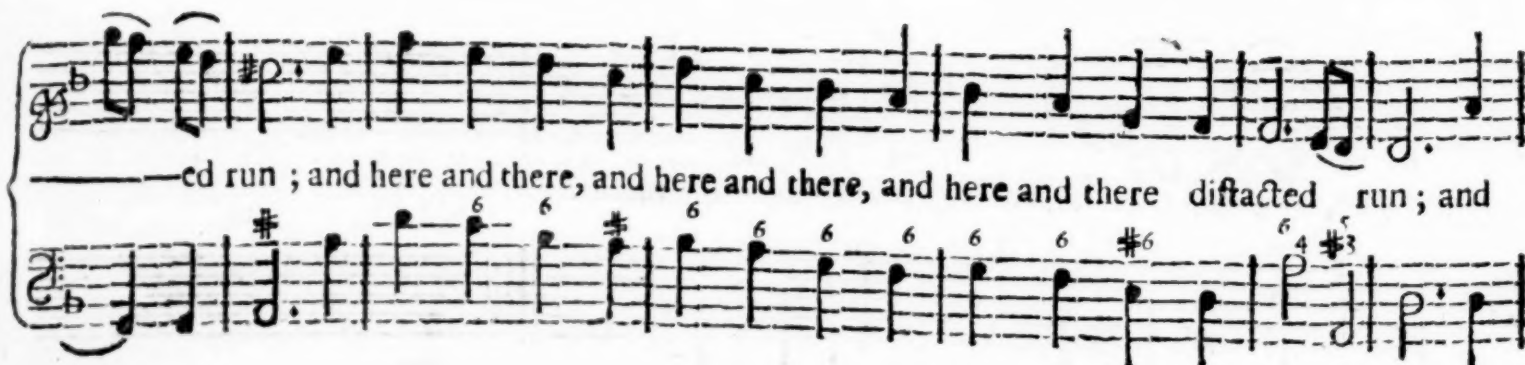
caught the little, little, little knave, and cap-tive Love to Beauty gave: The



laugh- - - - -ing Dame soon mist her Son, and here and there, and

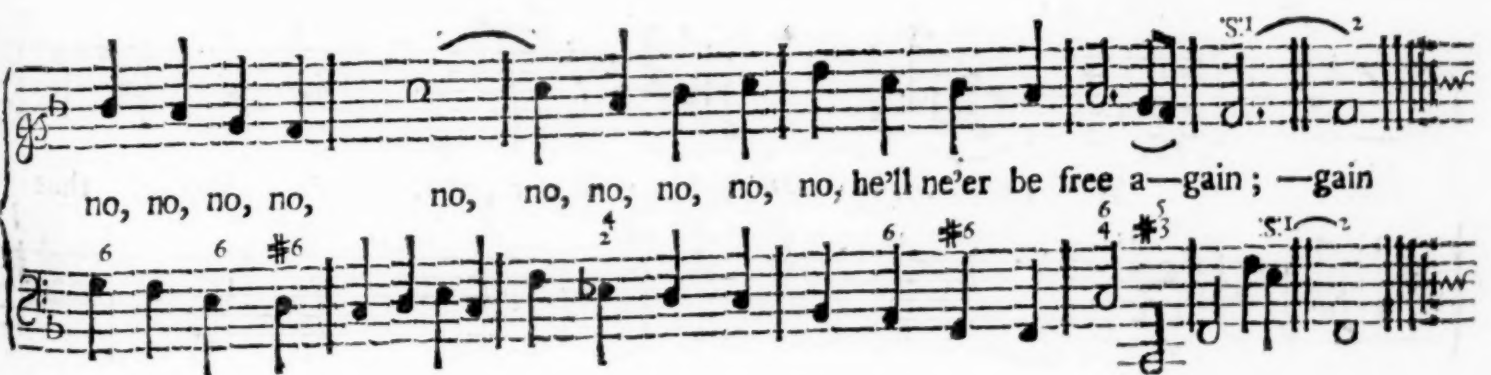
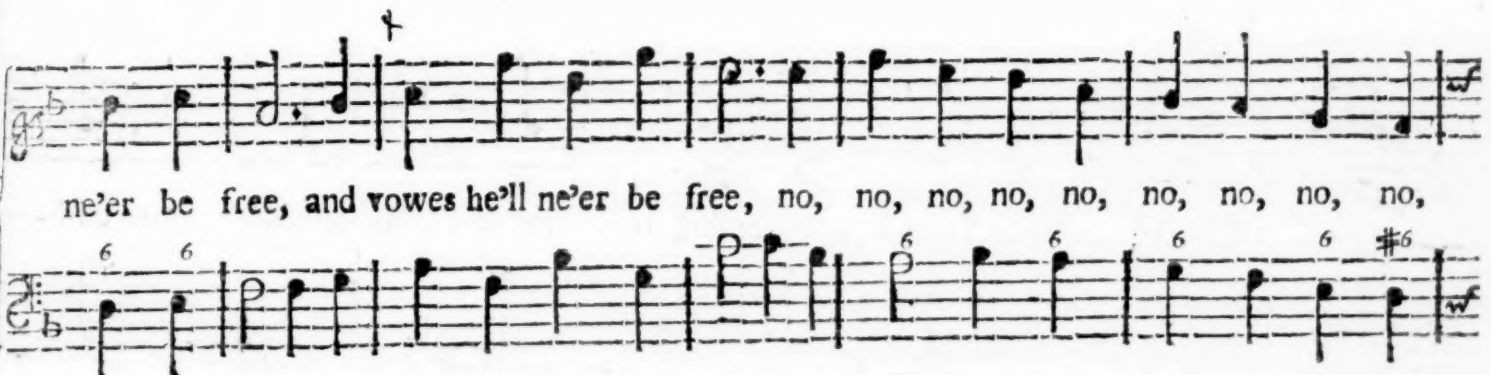
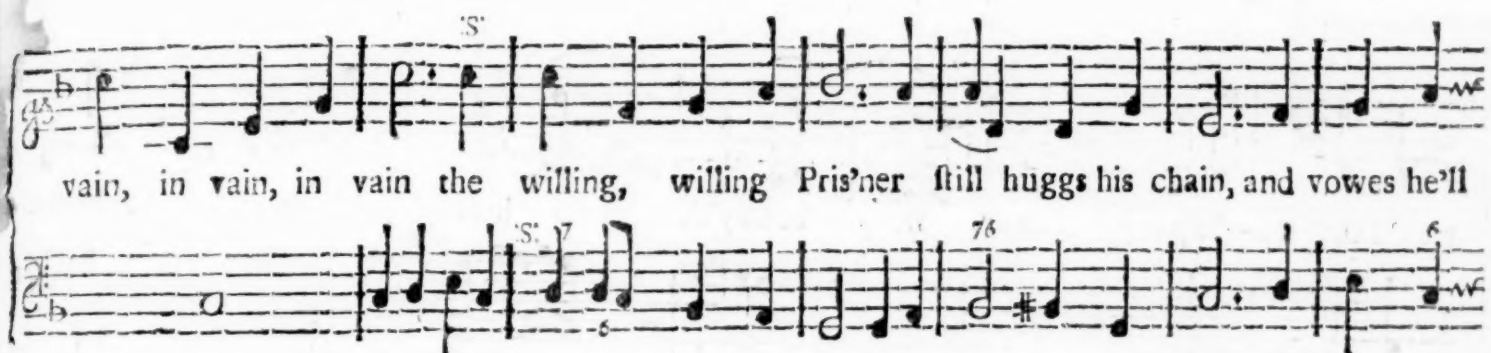
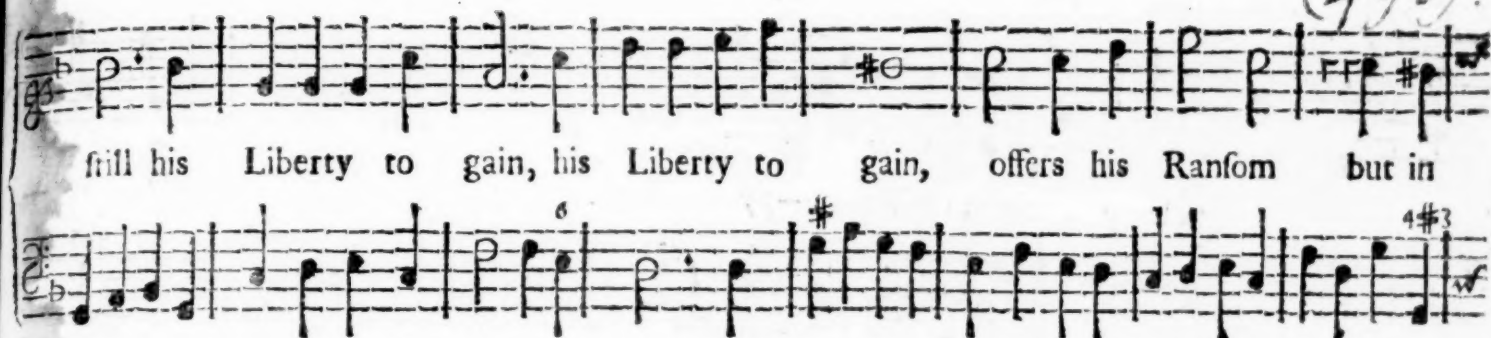


here and there, and here and there distracted ru- - - - -n, di-tract-



-cd run; and here and there, and here and there, and here and there distracted run; and

(496)



A S O N G Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

(445)

A S Cupid ro-gish-ly one day, had all a-lone stole out to play; the Muses

caught the little, little, little knave, and cap-tive Love to Beauty gave; the Mu-ses

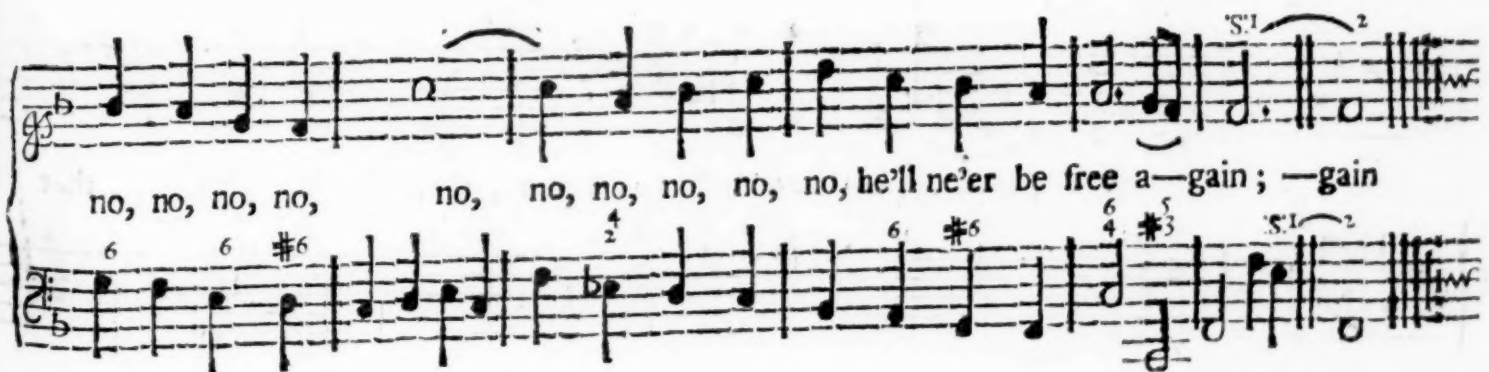
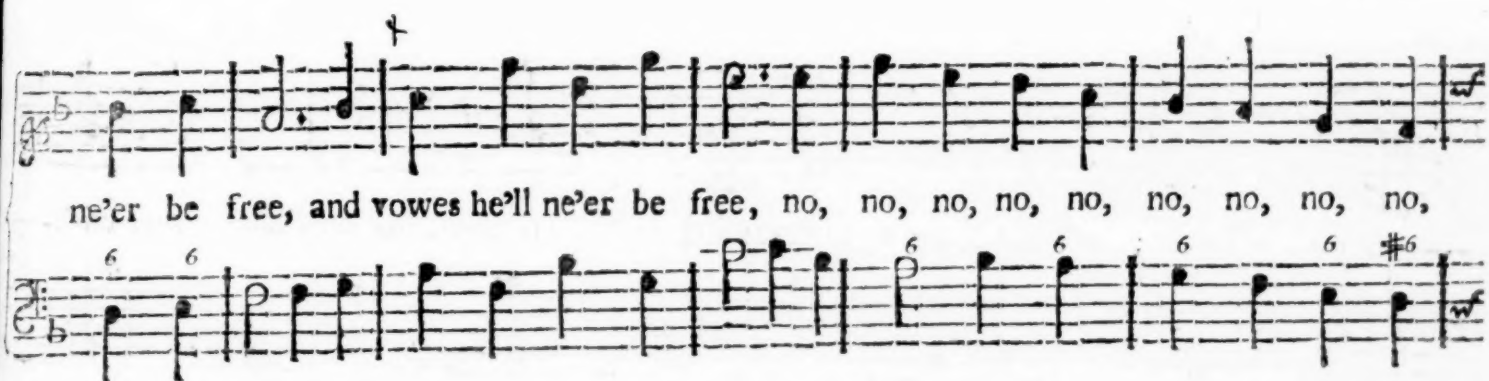
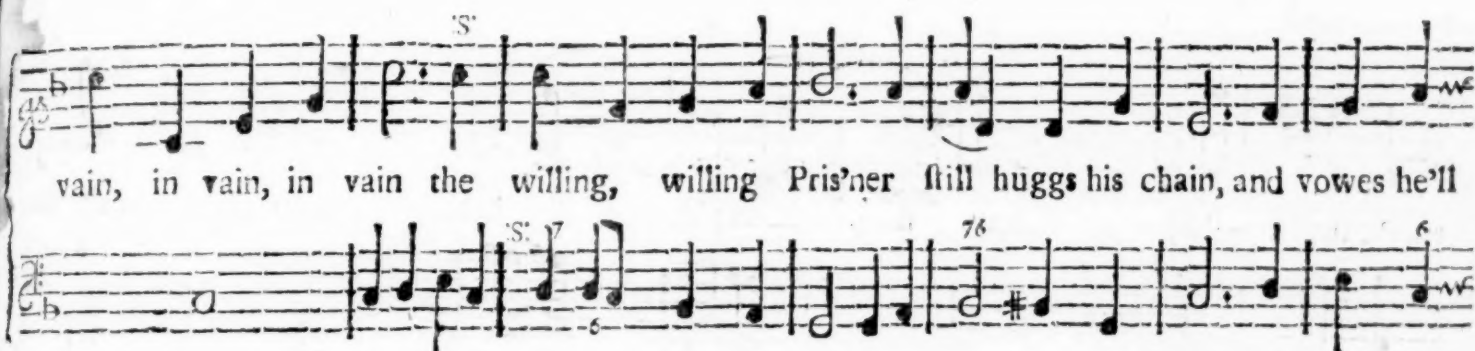
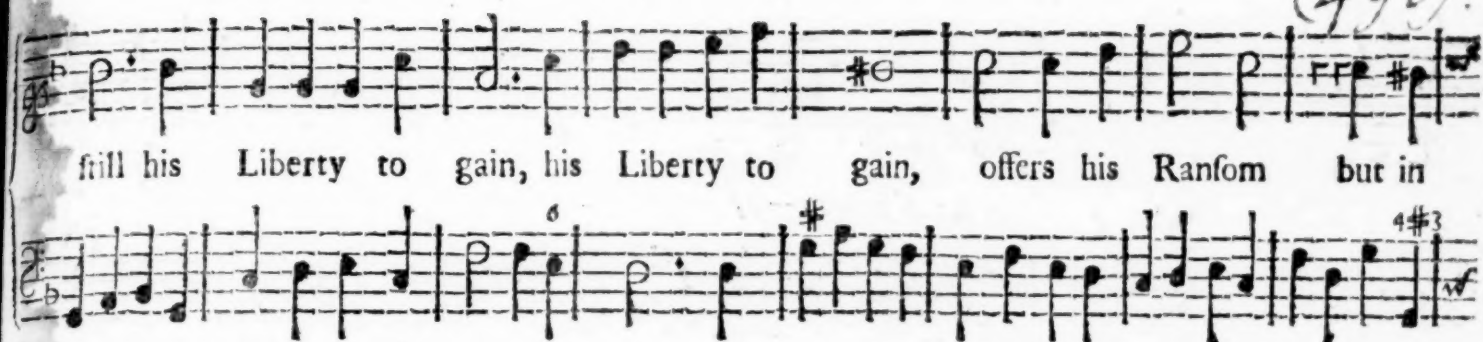
caught the little, little, little knave, and cap-tive Love to Beauty gave: The

laugh- - - - -ing Dame soon mist her Son, and here and there, and

here and there, and here and there distracted ru- - - - -n, di-tract-

- - - - -cd run; and here and there, and here and there, and here and there distracted run; and

(496)



A S O N G by Mr. Jer. Clark.

(497)

Sleep betray'd the unhap-py Lover, sleep be-

--tray'd the unhap-py Lover, sleep betray'd, sleep betray'd, sleep betray'd the un-

-hap-py Lover; While Tears were streaming from his Eyes, his heedless Tongue with-

-out disguise, the se-cret, the se-cret did dis-cover;

The Lan-guage of his Heart declare, that Flora's Image, that

Flora's Image Tri-umphs, Tri-umphs

(498)



SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.



Sleep betray'd the unhappy Lover.



SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

(499)

*Panthea all the Senses Treats.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Henry Playford undertook a Monthly Collection of the Newest Songs, and hath Completed the same for the last Three Years; but he finding the Gentlemen uneasy that single Songs very Imperfect should be Extant before the Month was out, has resolv'd for the future, he will Print every New Song from the Master's Copy singly, as often as they come forth; and they shall be numbred by equal sheets to be stitch'd up once a Year, or once a Month if requir'd.

F I N I S.

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation is extremely faint and illegible. The staves are arranged vertically, with some musical notes and clefs visible but not readable. The paper shows signs of age and wear, including a small dark spot near the center and a larger dark mark on the right side.